NO one knows who built the round towers in Ireland, but

towers. Many have the tops broken off. The doors were purposely built at about ten or fifteen feet from the ground

some believe that the natives erected them as watch

THIS is the anniversary of the establishing in 1775 of Post Office by Congress. Benjamin Franklin was placed in charge. In 1792 rates were established that held for fifty years. They were: For thirty miles and under, 6 cents; thirty to sixty miles, 8 cents, and 450 miles and

A STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

Terry Thanks Anne for Her Kindness, but Jim Shows a Little of His **Outcropping Impatience**

"Nonsense, Anne, Suppose it does

take a couple of hours longer in

the automobile; isn't that much bet-

ter than sitting in a stuffy train

Jim's tone was impatient, Ordi-

narily I might have agreed with

him, but now it seemed to me that

I couldn't bear to be shut up in a

limousine alone with him for the

long hours it would take to drive

home at night. I knew that we

would inevitably come to a discus-

sion of Anthony Norreys and Jim's

command that I see no more of this

good friend. And I was too weak to

I wanted to postpone the crisis I

felt we were approaching. I wasn't

ready for it yet. It meant too much

for both of us to be approached in

tiredness and nervousness. It must

be faced calmly-in the light of

day, and quite without bitterness or

the seething emotions I felt tonight.

"Well, Anne, what are you moon-

ing about?" asked Jim with irrita-

tion that tried to play at being

jocularity. "Answer the question

before the house-isn't riding up in

a luxurious limousine better than

huddling in the train with the com-

"Commuters don't go back to the city at this hour," I protested, "and

I'm not dressed very warmly, so even in a limousine I'd be cold,

since they don't come neatly steam-

"Have it your own way. Women

always do in the end, as I'm bound

you'll find out before long, Terry,

old chap," said Jim, giving in with

than being henpecked by my sister

Anne here," began Terry lightly,

Then, as if he just couldn't help it,

his voice took on a serious tone:

"And I've more than half an idea

that Betty's way would be mine."

Half an Idea.

"Sure! You've half an idea. But

you haven't been married very long,

Terry," laughed Jim. "You'll get

the other half of the idea later-

and it will be a little different. Do

you mind if Terry gives us a lift to

"I'd mind if he didn't send us

"That's right, and we were in-

vited to supper also. Musn't miss

out on that, because there's no use

dragging a tired girl to a hotel-

nor yet asking her to get a mid-

night feast," said Jim with real

thoughtfulness, the thoughtfulness

he shows when ever he thinks of it.

the cockles of my heart.

there when you want us."

as it was pulling out.

bet we don't get chairs."

chaches are good enough."

"I'll remember it," I said.

Terrys god-bye to me warmed

"Sister Anne, the way you've

fought for my happiness is about

the finest, whitest, most generous

thing that's ever happened to me! I

love you for it almost as much as

my little wife in there loves the

best woman friend she's ever had.

Remember, we'll always be right

Then we had to hurry through

our supper, the good-byes to the

Matron and the Head Nurse and

Miss Moss, who clung to me like an

unshakable little vine at parting to

dash over the roads to the station

and finaly to embark on the train

for the city without tickets and just

has landed us!" fussed Jim. "Til

ride like ours?" I asked. "The

"Look where your stubbornness

"Who wants chairs for a little

"Oh, are they? Well, I'm through

with the things that are cheap, but

nasty. I don't like smelly coaches

and I'll warn you now that if that's

the best we can do, you won't see

much of me, for I'll ride in the

"I don't mind " I said wearily.

for a moment. I could see that he

was trying to figure out how any

woman could, help minding a ride

alone in a stuffy coach at night.

Once perhaps he might have cred-

ited me with complete unselfish

ness and consideration Now he

laughed shortly as I diagnosed the

We're staid and bored old married

To Be Continued.

Alaskan Dogs.

they are called-are a cross between

a dog and a wolf, and work in har-

ness soon after birth. They do not

bark, but have a peculiar howl,

They have long hair, and can sleep

in the open with the thermometer

60 degrees below zero. Their usual

Ready to Oblige.

An old Irishman, with a battered cornet, was making hideous noises

one evening in a quiet square. A

police officer stepped up to him and

in a peremptory tone said, 'come,

come, my man! You must stop that,

or you'll have to accompany me."

"Wid all the pleasure in loife, sor,"

replied Pat. "What is it ye are

DO YOU LIKE BOOKS?

going to sing?"

food is fish and scal blubber.

The dogs of Alaska-malecutes as

couple for fair, Mrs. H."

"Well, the 'honeymoon' is over!

situation!

Jim stared at me incredulously

down in the car," I replied. But

he'll be supping with Betty about

"Oh, I can think of worse fates

heated like our trains."

a little flourish.

this train, Mrs. H.?"

the time we go."

with all the commuters?"

endure any more.

By Anne Lisle. CHAPTER CLIV. Copyright, 1919, King Features Syn-

and were reached by ladders.

dicate, Inc course I couldn't tell the brave little sick-a-bed bride either of the things that were worrying me. She couldn't know that I was haunted by fears for her and her arm. And she might-in her unselfishness-be always as much agitated by a hint of the ugly situation hanging be-

tween Jim and me. So I put her "I'm just a little choked with joy ever the results of my matchmaking," said I. "And since I can't dance a jig in a sick room, I have to cry a little. Don't begrudge me

my fun! "Bless your heart, nice person, I'd never begrudge you anything but unhappiness and worry!" answered

Then I knew I was a pretty good play-actress, and with a little feeling of triumph over the way my make-believe had saved Betty pain. stooped very tenderly to kiss her good night. Her well hand caressed my face.

"Friendship's a big thing-and very precious," she whispered. Tou've proved it, Anne dear. And I am grateful, and proud, and very,

yery happy." So I called down a tearful little blessing on Betty's head and hurried from that room of peace and love back to the things I felt were lying in wait for me outside.

Hurray, Anne, we're going to motor up to town after all!" said Jim when I joined him and Terry the main hall. "Terry's sending us up in his car, which we'll send back to him tomorrow. Overruled By Terry.

"Would you mind going by train?" I asked uneasily. "We'll get there so much sooner, and I'm tired and nervous. You're a brick, Terry, to offer the car-but I don't feel as dark roads half the night. I-I want to get home."

Using Meat in Summer

By Loretto C. Lynch. '(An authority on all matters perfaining to cookery and the home.) T TOUSEWIVES who have left the city and taken an unpretentious little cottage in the country or at the shore for the heated season are often at a loss to know just how to get along without the fresh meat of the city butcher shop. Often too, the fresh meat obtainable in remote sections may come from unhealthy creatures or

it may be killed so recently as to be tough and almost inedible. The old standby in the country is ham or chicken and the woman who knows how will be able to prepare these in such a variety of ways that her family will not tire

Who can think of anything more tempting than a delicious slice of steaming hot ham and a generous forkful of cool green garden cabbage accompanied by a shy brown potato? Yet, many women do not know how to cook a ham so as to get the best in it. Here is a good recipe for

BOILED HAM. Scrape and scrub a ham thoroughly. Soak it several hours over night. Next morning put the ham In the cook pot, cover it with cold water and bring it slowly to the boiling point. Boil about ten minutes. Skim and reduce the heat so that the ham simmers for several hours. Roughly estimated, a ham should take about half an hour for each pound of its weight. A tenpound ham should simmer about

When tender, set aside and let the ham cool in the liquid for an hour or so, then remove, draw off the akin, brush over with yolk of egg diluted with a little milk. Sprinkle with augar and cracker or bread crumbs mixed together, and set in the oven to brown. Serve hot or

five hours.

Almost all country places have sweet cider. If you can obtain some cider triy this:

HAM BAKED WITH CIDER. Make ready the ham as if for boiling. Spread over it a thick pasts of flour and water completely encasing it. Place on a rack in the pan in a hot oven. When the naste s cooked reduce the heat and bake about five hours. When the ham has been cooking over three hours make a small hole in the paste and pour in a cup of hot cider. In France champagne or flat white wine is used. Repeat a couple of times if necessary. When tender remove skin. Brush over with volk of egg as before, sprinkle with sugar and crumbs and bake until a golden brown For variety stick several cloves into the ham at regular intervals before placing it

in the oven a second time Often only an old hen is available from the barnyard. Prepare it and cover with boiling water, to which a quarter of a cup of vinegar has been added. Cover and simmer for several hours, allowing about half an hour for each pound of weight. ver allow the fowl to con boil during these hours of simmering. Long, slow cooking at a temperature below the boiling point in acidulated water will make tender and edible even an old, tough bird. Lemon juice may be substituted for vinegar. When cooked, this bird will make delicious crequettes.

cup is used.

All measurements are taken level and a standard half-pint measuring

"Virginia of Elk Creek Valley," by

Mary Ellen Chase, is a sequel to a previous success, "The Girl From e Big Horn Country The new book is more Western in flavor than the first, since all the action takes place at the home of the heroine in the Big Horn country, to which place she has invited some of her school girl friends to spend the summer vacation. It will prove most pleasant reading to all who love healthfulness of heart, mind, and body. Boston: The Page Company.

When a Girl Marries "Mother and th' Girls!"

By NELL BRINKLEY



little French Bride-and frantic over wondering if the boat he's slated for will carry doughboys' "wifes!" -- "-- and dear Mater and the Girls-please love my little French bride-because she's

With transfixed eyes they see him in fancy, urging her off the boat, to please to step her shy feet upon American earth, and come "home" to his wonderful Mother, and themselves moving forward with feet that feel 'sif they'd gone to sleep in a night-mare; and the chiefest among all the things they see that go to make up this reluctant little bride from France-are a pair of wooden shoes! Of course, she'll wear 'em-and carry her little trousseau in a bundle.

Gwendolyn casts her eyes to heaven and gasps, "Mercy, CAN you sce her-what will the girls think?"

Smart, haughty Diane glowers coldly out on the world with a protecting hand at her Mother's shoulder and thinks acornfully, "Of course, she'll be a peasant-trust Bill!"

Mother is paralyzed and can't think with any sort of success of any certain girl in particular-but she has a horrified memory of once seeing a little French demoiselle on the stage with a harsh little voice that

ETTER from Bill-over-seas-but sailing soon-fessing up to a + screamed a song, black skirts short and frantic and caught up between her pretty shoulders in a little rooster-tail, a little cocked hat, a long jeweled staff, an impertinent nose and tiny flashing feet; fingers pinked with rouge, who shricked, "zen 1'm 'appy wees you!"

> Mary winks the crystal tears in little flicks and is certain her name is Yvonne, that she is lovely as a dark rose and clever and aristocratic and that she-Mary-will be out of the spotlight when Bill brings her back home.

> Only one is glad-"crazy," in her own schoolgirl patois-about Bill's little French wife, and cannot wait for her to come. Patty-light-hearted and headed-her hair a smart little scramble that her folks despair ofher cheeks still "fat," to her rage-careful curls around her templesthe very latest on her tongue-tip and her little back-suppressed and worried over and snubbed in turn-her vocabulary two-worded-"crazy" and "cute." Patty hugs her own shoulders and exults: "Think of itthink of having a real French girl for my sister-in-law! I'll die of it. I'll bet she's a darling-Bill says she is-and Bill would never pick anything else. I betcha she's-I mean I expect- she is, a 'chic' little Parisienne-I'll love her and her clothes-and learn a lot-and I'll make her love me, too-I betcha-I--

> And Bill is swingin' on the breast of the great green sea. Anyhow, he's pleased .- NELL BRINKLEY.

"Sleeping Lady" of the Valley of Lost Soul Arouses From Slumber

HEARTS OF THREE

By JACK LONDON.

At Last

Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, historic buccaneer, decides to pass up activities of city life for a while and plans a fishing trip. To Thomas Regan, stock operator, comes Alvares Torres, a South American, who announces he has a tip on the location of treasure buried by Morgan in the eid pirate days. Regan has an idea.

Toung Morgan sails for South America in pursuit of the treasure. Upon landing he encounters a strange young woman who appears to mistake him for some one else. He is fired upon by three natives and seeks safety aboard his vessel, the Angelique.

Francis learns he and Henry, the mysterious islander, are both descendants of Pirate Morgan.

Francis discovers his resemblance to Henry was responsible for his peculiar greeting upon first landing on South American territory. Francis encounters Torres again. Francis is sever from death on gallows and Henry is arrested in his piace. Leoneis finds her fancy has strayed from Henry to Francis. The two plot to save four.

The two plot to save four.

Francis, Geonica and Henry elude their enamies and go aboard Francis vessel. The Angelique is purpued down the coast. Francis and his party decide to go ashere to elude their pursuers. They came upon treasure. Francis and his friends again find themselves pursued and former battles with foes to enable others to escape.

All numbers h. the party are captured. Henry and Jeffe descand into (Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

All members to escape.

All members to the party are captured. Henry and Jeffe descend into pit to play a strange game. Francis finds custodian of pirate treasure. They fail into a trap.

Old Priest's Chant fails to bring key to fortune from Chia's ear. Francis

decides on exploration of pit. One of party fails to death. Henry goes for help. The friends are reunited in the Valley of Lost Souls. Torres is ordered to imbibe of the drink of death.

The piles were massive treetrunks, but the walls of the house were of bamboo, and the roof was thatched with grass-straw. So isolated was it, that the only access, except by boat, was a twentyfoot bridge so narrow that two could not walk on it abreast.

At either end of the bridge, evidently armed guards or sentries, stood two young men of the tribe. They moved aside, at a gesture of let the party pass, although the two Morgans did not fail to notice that the spearmen who had accompanied them from the Long House remained beyond the bridge.

Across the bridge and entered into the bungalow-like hut on stilts, they found themselves in a large room better furnished, crude as the furnishings were, than they would have expected in the Valley of Lost Souls. The grass mats of the floor were of fine and careful weave, and the shades of split bamboo that covered the window openings were

of patient workmanship. At the far end, against the wall, was a huge golden emblem of the rising sun similar to the one before the altar by the Long House. But by far most striking, were two living creatures who strangely inhabited the place and who scarcely moved. Beneath the rising sun, raised above the floor on a sort of dais, was a many-pillowed divan

that was half-throne. And on the divan, among the pillows, cold in a softly shimmering robe of some material no one of them had seen before, reclined a sleeping woman. Only her breast softly rose and softly fell to her breathing. No Lost Soul was she, of the inbred and degenerate mixture of Carib and Spaniard. On her, head was a tiara of beaten gold and sparkling gems so large that almost it seemed a crown.

Before her, on the floor, were two tripods of gold-the one containing smouldering fire, the other. vastly larger, a golden bowl fully a fathom in diameter. Between the tripods, resting with outstretched paws like the Sphinx, with unblinking eyes and without a quiver, a great dog, snow-white of coat and resembling a Russian wolf-hound. steadfastly regarded the intruders. Leoncia was breathless, but Torres shuddered and crossed himself.

and said: "This I have never heard of the Valley of Lost Souls. This woman who sleeps is a Spanish lady. She is of the pure Spanish blood. She is Castillian. I am as certain as that I stand here, that her eyes are blue. And yet that pallor!" Again he shuddered. "It is an unearthly sleep. It is as if she tampered with drugs, and had long tampered with drugs---

"The very thing!" Francis broks in, with excited whispers. "The Lady Who Dreams Drug Dreams. They must keep her here as a sort of super-priestess or super oracle. That's all right, old priest," he broke off to say in Spanish. "If we wake her, what of it? We have been brought here to meet her, and, hope, awake her."

The lady stirred, as if the whispering had penetrated her profound of sleep, and for the first time the dog moved, turning his head toward her so that her down-drooping hand rested on his neck caressingly. The priest was imperative now in his scowls and gestured commands for silence. And in absolute silence they stood and watched the awakening of the oracle.

Slowly she drew herself half upright, paused and re-caressed the happy wolfhound, whose cruel fangs were exposed in a formidable, longlawed laugh of joy. Awesome the situation was to them, yet more swasome it became to them when she turned her eyes full upon them for the first time. Never had they seen such eyes, in which smouldered

the world and all the worlds Half way did Leoncia cross herself, while Torres, swept away by his own awe, completed his own crossing of himself and with moving lips of silence enunciated his favorite prayer to the Virgin, Even. Francis and Henry looked, and could not take their gaze away from the twin wells of blue that seemed almost dark in the shade of the long black lashes.

"A blue-eyed brunette," Francis managed to whisper. But such eyes! Round they were,

rather than long And yet they

were not round. Square they might have been had they not been more round than square. Such shape had they that they were blocked off in the artist's swift and sketchy way of establishing circles out of the sums of angles. The long dark lashes veiled them and perpetuated the illusion of their darkness. Yet was there no surprise nor startlement in them at first sight of her visitors. Dreamily Mourious were they, yet were they languidly der-

tain of comprehension of what they Still further, to awe those who se beheld, her eyes betrayed a complicated totality of paradoxical alivenesses. Pain trembled its quiverng anguish perpetually impending. Sensitiveness mistily hinted of itself like a spring rain-shower on the distant sea horizon of a dewfall of a mountain morning. Pain over pain resided in the midst of a languorous slumberousness. The fire of immeasurable courage threatened to glint into the electric spark of action and fortitude.

Deep slumber, like a paipitant, tapestried background, seemed ever ready to obliterate all in sleep. And over all, through all, permeating all, brooded ageless wisdom. This was accentuated by cheeks slightly hollowed, hinting of asceticism. Upon them was a flush, either hectic or of the paint box. A Perfect Form.

When she stood up, she showed herself to be slender as a fairy. Tiny were her bones, not too-generously flesh-covered; yet the lines of her were not thin. Had either Henry or Francis registered his impression aloud, he would have preclaimed her the roundest this woman he had ever seen.

The Sun Priest prostfated his aged frame till he lay stretched flat on the floor, his old forehead burrowing into the grass rug. Th. rest remained upright, althouga Torres evidenced by crumpling at the knees that he would have followed the priest's action had his conpanions shown signs of accompanying him. As it was, his knees did partly crumple, but straightened again and stiffened under the conrolled example of Leoneis and the

Morgans. At first the Lady had no eyes for aught but Leoncia; and, after a careful looking over of her, with a curt, upward lift of head she commanded her to approach. Too imperative by far was it, in Leoncia's thought, to proceed from so etherially beautiful a creature, and she sensed with immediancy an antagonism that must exist between them. So she did not move, until the Sun Priest muttered harshly that she must obey. She approached, regardless of the huge, long-haired hound, threading between the tripods and past the beast, nor would stop until commanded by a second

nod as curt as the first. For a long minute the two women gazed steadily into each other's eyes, at the end of which, with a flicker of triumph, Leoncia observed the other's eyes droop. But the flicker was temporary, for Leoncia saw that the Lady was studying her dress with haughty curiosity. She even reached out her slender, pallid hand and felt the texture of the clothing and caressed it as only a woman can.

"Priest!" she summoned sharply. "This is the third day of the Sun in the House of Manco. Long ago I told you something concerning this day. Speak." Writhing in excess of servility,

the Sun Priest quavered: "That on this day strange events were to occur. They have occurred. O Queen."

Already had the Queen forgotten. Still caressing the cloth of Leoncia'a. dress, her eyes were bent upon it ih curious examination.

"You are very fortunate," the Queen said, at the same time moioning her back to rejoin the others. "You are well loved of men. All is not clear, yet does it seem that you are too well loved of men." Her voice, mellow and low, tranquil as silver, modulated in exquisite rhythms of sound, was almost as a distant temple bell calling believers to worship or sad souls to quiet judgment. But to Leoncia it was not given to appreclate the wonderful voice. Instead. only was she aware of anger flaming up to her cheeks and burning in

her pulse. "I have seen you before, and often," the Queen went on. "Never!" Leoncia cried out.

"Hush!" the Sun Priest hissed at "There," the Queen said, pointing at the great golden bowl. "Before,

and often, have I seen you there. "You-also, there," she addressed Henry.

"And you." she confirmed to Franels, although her great blue eyes opened wider and she gazed at him long-too long-too long to suit Leoncia, who knew the stab of fealousy that only a woman can thrust into a woman's heart. The Queen's eyes glinted when they had moved on to rest on Torres.

And Who Are You? And who are you, stranger, so strangely appareled, the helmet of a knight upon your head, upon your feet the sandals of a slave? "I am Da Vasco," he answered

stoutly. "The name has an ancient ring." she smiled. "I am the ancient Da Vasco," he

pursued, advancing unsummoned, She smiled at his temerity, but did not stay him. "This is the helmet I wore 400 years ago when I led the ancestors of the Lost Souls ineto this valley.

The Queen smiled quiet unbelief as she quietly asked: "Then you were born four hundred years ago?" "Yes, and never. I was never

born. I am Da Vasco. I have always been. My home is in the sun, OTO BE CONTINUED MONDAY

The Parting of the Ways

By David Cory.

DUSS JUNIOR and Fairy Nimble Finger traveled for some distance over Egg Shell Island until they came to a tall tree where sat a young man and a young woman. Then Nimble Finger whispered to Puss. 'Now I will make you invisible," and, presto! somehing happened, although Puss felt just the same. There was a little man

Puss in Boots

Jr.

Who wooed a little maid, And he said, 'Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed? I have little more to say So will you ay or nay?

For the least said is soonest mended, ded, ded, ded.' The little maid repried, "Should I be your little bride,

Pray what must we have for to eat. eat, eat? Will the flame that you're so rich

Or the little god of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?" Nimble Finger nudged Puss with his hand. "A very practical young Woman. The Fairles at her birth must have given her good common sense, which is a fine gift, is it not,

Light a fire in the kitchen?

my good Sir Cat?" "My dear Nimble Finger," said kind Puss Junior, "if you have the power to render me invisible, have you not the power to turn this tree into a pretty cottage where the little man and little maid may dwell forever in happiness?" Nimble Finger smiled and replied, "I have, Purs Junior. We will give them a cottage where the little god of Love can be cook and king at the same

"Yes, yes," cried Puss, "let me

see the tree turn into a cottage." And, would you believe it, the trunk grew wider and wider and the knotholes became little windows, and the branches overhead formed themselves into a roof, and a little red chimney grew on top from which smoke began to come out. "Step inside the doorway," said Nimble Finger. And when Puss had done this, the fairy said, "Now, I'm going to make you visible again. Then you tell the young man that you will give him this house if he

A SPFENDID ARTICLE FOR ALL PARENTS

By W. A. McKeever, M. D. N June 20 Dinsmore and John, each sixteen years old, finished the same high school course, and, in a spiritual sense. they then and there parted company forever.

Three days later Dinsmore was neck-deep in a harvest field, sweating like a trooper and earning his \$5 per day. John idled away the first week

after commencement, and then his mamma took him to a cool mountain resort to rest up for the season and to be ready for next year's schooling.

Dinsmore will come back on September 10 ready for college, with bronzed skin, tough muscles, a healthy appetite, a new measure of self-reliance, an enlarged sense of personal worth, a big vision of his future college career and \$200 to add to his lean bank account. John was "so tired and worn out,

you know, from his year's work in school," He sleeps till a late forenoon hour, then comes forth languidly to a dainty breakfast. Afternoons he is all dressed up, fit for a party and ready to sip honey dew and other sweets with the perfectly lovely summer girls. Evenings he swings into the social whirl and he

will promise to learn by heart every rhyme in Mother Goose, and I will tell the young woman that if she wishes to be happy she must say this little verse every day to

"Keep our little house I pray Safe at night as well as day. Fairles with your magic power Keep me happy every hour, Help me in each thing I do Always to be good and true." And the young man was so happy

when Puss gave him the house that he asked Puss to stay with him always. And the young woman was so pleased with what Fairy Nimble Finger told her that she blushed and promised always to make the young man a dutiful wife. And next time you shall hear what as himself. happened after that (Copyright, 1919, David Cory.)

To Be Conginued.

falters not until the weary nerves have tingled themselves numb. This second boy will turn into college next September with a soft, "fluffy ruffles" appearance. His bluster and pretense will deceive not a few, but in the background of his own mind there will be a disturbing consciousness of the amptiness of the course he has been following during the summer vacation. It will be especially hard for him to look Honest Dinsmore square in the

Now, who are the guilty of this sin against American citizenshipthis turning of a boy's head to soft things before his hand and heart have been turned to the good and the worthy? Of course a sixteenyear-old schoolboy should have a vacation. But a week or two is enough. And in connection with this outing he should have a program of employment suited to bringing him up against some hard knocks and the development of his

muscles, mind and morals. It is very easy to mistake that natural "tired feeling" which is common to nearly all in early sumper and regard it as a matter of actual overwork and fatigue. Just at this point the ignorant parent is likely to yield to the whine of the big, soft boy and try the summer resort cure for a disease that should have a strong dose of something like harvest field perspira-

And so, if you have carelessly permitted your big boy to slip away to a summer of idleness, recall him at once. Tolerate the disgrace no longer. Redeem your son and yourself by putting him at something that is really worth

The great world of common afworkers. A mighty stream of young humanity rushes into shop and field early each morning and comes out tired, dusty and honest each evening-while your big softy sips honey dew all day long with the sweet-thing summer girls, who are of the same indolent quality

Think of this, you careless parent, and shame yourself out of it as soon as possible.

Saving the Drowning

By Brice Belden, M. D. HERE is nothing in the popular

notion that a-drowning person must rise to the surface three times before final submergence. He may never come to the surface after the first sinking. or he may appear several times. Two minutes' submergence usually causes death. There is no reason, however, why efforts to resuscitate apparently drowned persons should be given up, for even after five minutes' submersion lives have been saved by persistent treatment.

Hysterical fear plays a very imortant part in most drownings. Whether the victim is unable to swim at all or is a novice or is a good swimmer who has become fatigued and lost his nerve, panic usually figures in the tragedy. If not so far gone as to be unable to swallow a rescued person should be given hot coffee. Wrap

the patient in blankets and use hot

water bottles, wrapped in towels,

so as not to burn him. Clear the mucus from the nose and mouth, loosen the clothing and lay the patient on his stomach, with the head lower than the body, so that the water can pass out of the windpipe, lungs and stomach by gravity. Then apply artificial respiration by Shafer's method, which

In applying this method not only does the water pass out by gravity but the tongue falls forward and therefore does not have to be held. Place a folded coat or blanket under the chest and turn the face to one side. Place the arms above the head so as to favor expansion of the chest. This also keeps the arms he way while the operator is manipulating the chest.

Now kneel astride the patient and grasp the lower part of the chest with both hands, the fingers being parallel with the lower ribs. Squeeze firmly inward and upward wihle counting one, two, three slowly, then suddenly relax the pressure. All depends upon this sudden relaxation. Success is indicated by a gasp. Repeat until resuscitation is complete.